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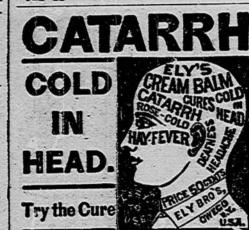
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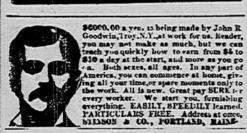
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Author of "Creole and Puritan," "The Rock or the Rye," "Four Years in Rebel Capitals," etc.

[Copyright by the Author. All rights reserved.] CHAPTER V. IN THE DEPTHS.



How long I gazed stupidly into the fire know not, but the shadow of the past rose out of it, shutting out the present utterly. No sooner was the pressure of her presence taken off than my mind re-

bounded from the White Mouse. I forgot her very existence. Blacker and blacker grew the coals, and with them the gloom of my thoughts grew deeper and deeper; but, bitter as they were, the cold became more bitter still, and I was literally driven by it to

seek my own room.

As I entered the door I almost ran over the hostler, who was still engaged in his mysterious interview with Tom. "And are you sure you" understand perfectly, Bosley?" the latter was saying,

We must have no risk of a mistake this "I got it all yere, plain as writin'," responded sagely he of the stables as he tapped his forehead. "Let 'un zeemoon rises at three, starts at four, drives nineteen miles in two hours and a half, and feeds light on cut feed and looks out for Jalap's kickin' of his near foreleg."

"Right as a trivet, Bosley! You're a

trump, and this is yours;" and Tom chucked the fellow a bright half eagle as he left the room. Then he jerked off his coat and lighted an Havana. I could stand it no longer. As the grinning groom left the room ! urned upon Tom and prepared to charge.

"Hold a bit, old boy," he said. "I have treated you badly, I know." A fierce snort was the only response l deigned to give. Yes I know it, but prudence was

sential. You're not riled?" "Riled!" I answered, with forced calmness. "I can't see how you have used me badly, but you must permit me to say you have done yourself great in-

Tom seemed a little puzzled. "And you have done a palpable, a gross injustice"-I was grand now, doing the outraged virtuous-"to an old per-

"Oh, bother the old person!" he interrupted, carelessly. "But then you have really twigged what I am up to in the

morning?" "In the morning." A ray of light began to dawn upon me.

"Yes, in the morning. I'm going tonow, old boy, don't look scared-I'm going to run away and be married!" To be married! And in the morning! The ray of light was a blinding gleam

now. I was literally staggered. I dropped into a chair with a big lump in my throat "Yes, my boy, I'm to be married in the morning. You know I'd have told you before, but Bet and I only fixed it yesterday. She arranged it all in the sleigh as we came along; and, for reasons you

know so well, we must be quick; I'm done for if the old party suspects. But it's all fixed-you're to help me." "I help you!" I gasped, faintly. "Certainly. Who else? You must come with us; you must be best man; you

must go with us to Uncle Bob and help Bet explain all about the"-"Lieut. Jones!"-I rose stiffly and stood at attention as Tom's eyes opened very wide-"Lieut. Jones, I have no criticisms to make on your cousin's course. If she

"Desires! the devil! Why, man, she planned the whole thing-arranged the Christmas frolic, suggested all the de-

tails of the elopement, and she specially insisted you should aid us." "She did?" "Yes; she said you were so fond of us

both you'd be glad to do it." Oh, the cruel girl! the hardened, ingrained flirt! This was why she had led me on then. Tom kept on, speaking rapidly, but with no sense to me in the

sound till I caught: "So you see, my dear boy, it was she originated the affair; she planned every

detail, not I." "Stop sir!" I cried, hoarsely-my face must have been purple; it felt black-"you have a right to run away, perhaps -to stoop to anything you please-the lady is to be your wife. But, by heaven! you have no right to compromise your

cousin by saying these things." There's something in that," Tom mut tered, thoughtfully; "I musn't let Bet's name get out, of course. I only told you, you know." I gave a grunt that was meant for scalding sarcasm. "Bet will tell you all about it herself."

"Oh, she will," I panted. "To be sure. She told me she could make it all right with you. That's what we were talking about when you drove over the cad today." Oh, the cold blooded, heartless co-

quette! To deliberately plan a torment for me thus! And he, my old schoolmate, my bosom friend! If the soft answer that turneth away wrath had been a deadly weapon I should have used it then. But it wasn't, so I said no word, only strode about the room, loosening my neckcloth by fierce and sudden

Tom, lying flat on his back and puffing little wreaths into the air, eyed me with some wonderment. At last he said "Well, old boy, don't take on so. It's

as sudden for me as it is for you, and a deuced sight more serious to boot. So I'll count on you of course in the morn-"Count on me! I tell you I'll have

nothing to do with it. Your uncle Blythe would never"-"Popcorn! I say. Bet will make it all

he'd have helped us if we had dared to trust our secret."

"Helped you! Mr. Blythe not object! And still you are mad enough to risk letting the tongue of gossip soil the name of the woman you love! You plan this mad escapade far away from his roof when he might have consented"-

"To what?" Tom sat bolt upright on the bed, resting on his hands, behind him. A strange, fitful contraction swept over his face, followed by a very grin of agony. I was merciless. "To your union with his daughter," I

said sternly. My words struck him like a bullet. He clenched his teeth until the cigar dropped in two from them; his face grew crimson, its muscles twitched convulsively and his chest heaved with a desperate struggle for breath. Then, with a gasping sob, he buried his face in the pillow, while his whole frame shook and

trembled like an aspen. I was pained, shocked. The sight of touching beyond expression, and besides I was at a loss to account for the great violence of his sudden emotion.

I became more puzzled as I looked, for he still sobbed and shook with the weakness of a child I walked up and down the room and

had no real claim on Miss Bettie. She she would to her breakfast! had refused me once and never allowed me to address her again; I could not but confess that. True, she had let me think there was hope, but what woman is strong enough to refuse to sniff the incense burnt upon the altar of her vanity? Then Tom, too, was an old and tried friend. Poor fellow! how he shook and groaned in his great agony! and if a vicious flirt had cruelly played upon my feelings through him, why should I let that

react upon his head? No! I would be a Roman! a very Pythias! I would crush down my own feelings into my heart; I would brave the him. mayor's anger; I would die of smothered rage, but her feline triumph should be cheated of its prey. Yes, I would do as she had planned for

me. I would see her wed another, would give her away at the altar, and not one of the thousand torments that were rending me should give her the expected pleasure of its evidence. Twice Tom had raised his head and

speak; twice a torrent of mixed passions had swept over him: And then a moment o'er his face

moved his lips in a fruitless essay to

And thenhe buried it in the pillow again! There was something in his eyes that made me shudder with a shapeless, undefined dread that his reason might give way. Now he lay quiet. He had ceased to sob, but his face was still buried in the pillow, wnile ever and again a quick, hysteric snudder ran through him.

I laid my hand kindly on his shoulder: 'Tom, old fellow, I was hasty," He slipped away from my touch like a hurt child, and again the shudder, longer and more marked than before, thrilled

ook upon his suffering; I blew out the "My dear old boy!" he muttered hoarse ly. The voice was still much broken. with a hysteric catch in it. I only pressed his hand for answer, but I felt the bed

snake under me with the effort he made to control himself. It was a mighty one. Then he spoke again. "We have been friends for years," he said. "You know me for a man of honor, and I pledge you that honor my-my uncle will be fully and entirely satisfied

when—when he learns—that—that I have married his daughter!" Once more his feelings overcame him; once more he crushed his face into the pillow while the gust of passion rent and | ly owing to the bitter cold of the dawn,

I was more mystified than ever. man of honor; he would never stoop to was so painfully evident that I almost that. But, then, why this terrible emo-

tion he could not control?

brain. Great heavens! was Tom drunk? Had he gotten liquor from Bosley, the hostler? No, that was too absurd. I gave it up; I was dead beat. Still wondering, I threw myself ready dressed upon the bed. Tom lay quiet

now, but I intended to watch him by the fitful firelight, lest his intense excitement should make him really ill. But the narcotic administered by the ancient spinster, added to my unwonted exertions behind those demon horses in the frosty air, were too much for me.

I slept profoundly. CHAPTER VI.



"You'll take Bet," Tom whispered How long I slept I know not, but I was lying only half awakened when I

heard a very gentle tap at the door. The moon had risen, and her great white disk shone clear over the trees, throwing a broad light into the room. Tom heard the tap and sprang up on the instant. By the moonlight I saw that he was dressed as when he first threw himself down, and could not have been to bed. As he opened the doc gently: "Sh-h. dear Tom!" said a soft voice

in the hall. "The moon is up, and I heard Bosley take the sleigh over the snow about ten minutes since." "I'm all ready. Bet dear: won't be a "I couldn't trust the servants, of

course, and fearing you'd be too late, I

thought I'd call you myself," Bettie an-Great heavens! what an escape I had made! How had I misunderstood that girl! Here was a bride elect on the very verge of a runaway waking her lover herself, urging haste in his movements, and generally being as cool as a cucum-

"That's right," she added coolly.

male in the escapade. That would be her triumph by one weak look even! more respectable, perhaps, when the af- And there she sat, crouched up in the she persuaded that little milk-and-water and seemingly more anxious about the thing to brave her Argus and the pro- tip of her nose than about her future priefies at such an hour and for such a state. Once she turned, looked pityingly

I actually pinched myself to see if I was really awake. The whole thing soon be over." seemed like an ugly dream, and I could scarcely realize that a single day could | But the tender one, far from seeming have crowded into it the overturn of all comforted, only bowed har head still my hopes that had almost grown to cer- lower, while she ceased to sob. tainties: the substitution of so unexunheard of fact of Anna Belton stepping east, and as we reached the crest of the so far out of her modesty as to make me next hill the day broke. a formal declaration of love!

No! I was wide awake. The whole series was only too real, and there was Bettie Blythe standing at our door in to me he took very unnecessary into run away with her cousin. She had "the tears of bearded men" is always in very fact driven me to desperation, and she had actually persuaded the White Mouse to rebellion.

It was really remarkable what wonderful sway she could exert over all who came within her influence. And vet there was no tremor in her voice to show the slightest agitation. By George, she tried to think more calmly. After all I was going to clandestine matrimony as will throw herself away sooner or later, "He's ready. He's going with us, of

> "You told him I would settle that?" despair burst from me. They did not notice it as Tom answered: "Oh, yes. But you must be careful to explain fully as soon as you can."

course," Miss Blythe definitely said.

"Leave him to me," was the short answer. "Now wake him." "In one minute; he's all dressed," Tom replied, cheerily. "But you ought to her eyes. Then she dried them, stuffed know that he thinks"— He stepped into nandkerchief and hands into her muff

He was only gone a moment. A sound came over the transom; a light step tripped up the hall, and Tom re-entered

with his hands pressed over his face. Then I knew he had told her how I had spoken. I felt a thrill of triumph that she heard I had borne the news so calmly. "Wake up, old fellow." Tom stood by my bedside, and I saw in

the moonlight something of the expres-

sion on his face it had worn the night be-

fore. It died out, however, as I spoke. "I am awake. I have no dressing to We were soon ready. Walking stealthly as burglars. Jones and I reached the bot of the broad stairway. The back door stood wide open, and the moonlight, faintly reflected from the dark panels, showed two muffled and veiled

igures awaiting us. "You'll take Bet," Tom whispered hoursely in my ear. Once more he pressed both hands against his face as if to repress his feelings. like an animated statue I advanced and offered my arm to the veiled figure

nearest me. For I was resolved! She

should never have one ray of triumph I respected his feelings too much to over me to brighten the blackness of the wrong she was about to do her doting I noticed the little hand she rested on my arm trembled slightly. She had some feeling, then? It was more than I had suspected, but I only grew stonier and stonier. I set my face like a flint. Tom approached her companion very quietly, drew her arm through his with more deference than I thought necessary with such a weak, inane little brides-

maid, and led the way out of the hall on

tiptoe. Silent as the grave we followed. As we stepped out into the moonlight I felt rather than saw the veiled face by me turn up to mine. I shivered from head to foot, but that perhaps was partand looked straight ahead. Then once more I heard that bursting but repressed Was he deceiving me? No, he was a sigh; once more the tremor of her frame me. The old gentleman laughed. wavered in my belief of her heartless ness. Did she at last repont? Did she A startling thought leaped into my really feel the heavy crime she was committing toward her father? Or, great heaven! could there be the b@rest possibility that she had awakened? Could she

feel that even now it was not too latethat she had not utterly thrown away a heart she could never replace? There was such delirium in the bare idea I almost framed the wild hope into words: but pride as much as honor came to my rescue. I was pledged to Tom, and I was silent. Softly and swiftly we followed the

other couple over the crisp, crackling surface of the snow; down the broad lane, under arching trees that sifted the moonlight through them in silver spangles; through snowclad hedgerows standing like an army of specters at present arms.

blowing out greater clouds of smoke from his black pipe. "Well, leftenant, we's pretty nigh a-freezed." was his salutation. "All ready, sir, and un's in fust rate trim: do the nineteen miles in two hours sure!" Tom answered never a word. He almost lifted the light form of his bridesmaid into the back seat, and as he tucked the buffalo around her with most unnecessary care I saw she had pressed her handkerchief to her eyes and was sobbing bitterly. Poor fragile child! I thought. To feel thus for the folly of

tion, not a single ray of feeling, not a spark of repentance. "I'll drive," Tom said to me shortly. He looked very grave and pale now as he bundled his bride into the front seat with much less ceremony than he had used to her bridesmaid. Then he gathered up the reins as I stepped in beside the still weeping blonde.

> CHAPTER VII. VICTORY!

We were off.



mured, very gently. We took a road utterly unknown to me-up hill and down.

No one spoke a word. I had plenty of time to think, but somehow my ideas We followed into the side door of the gently:

"He loves me so well, papa." "Anna's all ready, and the old lady refused to come in any sort of order. Obe church, where two candles blinked upon to

right with Uncle Bob. I very believe | sleeps like William Tell; so nurry, dear." thought, however, kept rolling upper- the reading desk and threw the rest of A Blow to the South if Accomplished. I breathed a fraction more freely. At most in the surging stream of ideas-to the building into still more dismal dark all events, she was to have another fe- be true to my proud resolve not to aid ness. fair came to be talked of. But how had buffalo, holding her muff before her face, and looked into my face with more of

> at her weeping friend. "Don't cry so, Anna darling. It will Ye gods! Here was coolness for you!

At last the moonlight waned. A pale, moved in a soundless effort at speech. pected a rival; and, more than all, the sickly flush rose over the face of the He extended something in a hand that

next mile and glanced uneasily at the it into my fingers. still, bent figure beside me. It seemed the gray dawning. She was really going | terest in that young person's crying. Perhaps, however, her evident reluctance to aid in his disgraceful proceeding raised remorse in his bosom. Still, I rather respected the White Mouse for her sympathy in her friend's unwomanly position, and as we passed the next heavy shadow of trees I tried my hand at consolation. Stooping toward her I said very gently:

you know. Believe me, if my opinion is of any value to you, I feel that none of the sin, little of the folly, of today is at An irrepressible groan of rage and your door. I know you were entrapped into it; I know you wouldn't do it if you could help yourself." The others had failed, but I was successful. The weeping White Mouse stared at me a moment, straightened herself up and the same flash she had

"Pray be comforted. A foolish girl

the hall and drew the door gently behind and looked dead at the gray's ears. At first I hardly understood that look, then I was fully satisfied. She really of whispering and a half smothered sob | did love me then, after all, and my ire | at the perfidy of the pair before us woke a sympathetic flash in her. I said nothing now. I felt she would be comforted | wretched-wretched! by the commendation of the man she

loved so strangely.

hill stood a little country church, its to speak herself his. graceful spire and old time moldings standing out in clear cut silhouette murmur, as of the spring breeze. Even National Union party, based upon the against the white clad hill behind it. in that supreme moment of agony I felt | fundamental ideas of finance. trans-Tom straightened himself up, pointed to a tender, yearning pride that all the portation, labor and land and the the church with his whip and then woman in her was not dead—that it had transaction of other legitimate busiwithout a word let it fall on the sorrel's flanks. The steaming horses answered with a rush down the hill, whirled us past the white railed church yard and drew up at the door of the old parsonage, lying almost within it. As we stopped the sleigh bells shook out a merry marriage chime that called a gentleman into the porch. He was a tall handsome old man, with a forest of grav beard framing a ruddy face, and a sparkle in his clear eye that showed him

to kiss her forehead. "All is ready, Tom. I got your letter and the license just in time, and your courier's zeal was proven by the foam that covered his "It was a tough ride over country from the Bull's Eve." Miss Bettie chirped out with perfect composure, while the still silent Tom helped the blonde to alight, "and you may be sure we managed it in a hurry, Mr. Lindsay. I had

to make frightful love to the old clerkalmost kiss him-before I could get the paper." And Miss Bettie actually laughed softly while the wicked black eyes rested for a single second upon my own. I was absolutely struck dumb-motionless-with one leg over the scraper and one to the knee in a snow drift. The coolness of that young woman paralyzed

Woman of business! Did ever bride before run away with licutenant of Boomerangs and then boast her prowess to the parson? Woman of brass, he meant. But he only added:

"You are a woman of business, Bet."

"The paper is a little irregular after all, but I'll make it do. There's nothing I wouldn't do for the daughter of my dear old friend." Phoebus and Cupid! He'd even help her to an elopement with a penniless boy! Some brilliant reflections upon the corruption of the church popped into my mind, but before I could frame them

the clear, sharp voice of that inscrutable "And this, of course, is Miss Belton, and this our first and only groomsman.' So was I introduced to the Rev. Dr.

into portable shape they were cut off by

Here we found the sleigh, the impa-I shook hands very mistily and uttered tient horses blowing out great clouds of mist, and the more impatient groom something unintelligible. Then before the awkward boy from the rectory stables had persuaded himself to take the horses' heads in charge the doctor's wife appeared on the steps in the neatest of morning toilets. She kissed Tom and the girls with the most motherly empressement. "I have heard of you from Bettie," she said pointedly to me, and then glanced

at that wicked young person.

another, and that other- I cast one that of the rector's wife. By a huge glance, my first, at the still figure on my effort, however, I mastered the impulse, arm. Not a sign was there of any emoand left that lady free to say: "Do take a cup of coffee, my dears. It is hot and ready. You will wait break-

Once more the dark eyes flashed into

mine for a second, and they so magne-

tized me that I could scarce resist knock-

really need something hot after your long ride." Bettie looked at Tom. Tom, who by this time was very white and immensely solemn, only shook his head shortly. Then he drew the arm of that blonde waterspout-her eyes were running like a millrace again-tenderly within his own. As for me, I stood knee deep in the snow where I had alighted. My head seemed whirling round, and the people near me looked dim and misty.

Tom turned shortly to me.

whisper.

ness of the arrangement and obey, that wonderful young person had slipped her arm quietly into mine and said, with a tremor in her voice: "Thanks, dear Mrs. Lindsay, but we prefer the marriage first, and then we'll

all feel more comfortable to enjoy your

"You take Bet," he said in a hoarse

Before I could recover from the strange-

nice things." Feel more comfortable! Could ske feel more comfortable? I didn't wonder any longer that Tom had vielded when "she planned the whole affair." Such coolness would overcome any man. But

Just before we reached the door, Miss Blythe pressed my arm half nervously, hesitation than she had yet shown "I ought to explain," she said softly.

"Tom told me how you"-I looked at that girl. There was no need for speech-that look was enough! With a sort of half sob her face dropped | shape yesterday, when a call, bearing was becoming shame.

ghastly face to me, while his white lips | vention. The call is as follows : shook plainly. Miss Blythe held out hers-it was steady as that of a practiced duelist-took the something and pressed Tom turned two or three times in the

"The ring," she whispered. I took it passively. By this time I was completely conquered. A young person | this call for a national conference, to who could plan an elopement, arrange be composed of delegates from the every detail herself, choose her avowed following organizations, namely: lover for sole witness, and finally wake | "The Independent party, the Peostartle me no further.

As we approached the chancel I let go the bride's arm mechanically and ranged up at Tom's right side. Forbearance was leaving me fast. My boasted wandering in my mind and weak in my sob that burst from my heart, and the bitterness of my spirit found vent in anything but the utterance of the prayer the time and place called for. How long we knelt I have no idea. It might have left me with the night before came into been seconds, it might have been houra nandk-rchief and hands into her muff up, clutching the chancel rail for supdulled to my ears through a boom in

them like that of angry surf. I could think, hear, feel nothing.

Tom's tremulous responses fell meaningless upon my ear, and yet, through Up the steep we rattled, and straight all my agony, I listened with strained ahead of us at the base of the winding intensity for the words in which she was of Cincinnati, Ohio, on Monday, the

> at last been touched, even in the depths, by the solemnity of the sacrifice at which she held a part. The doctor's hands were laid upon the wedded pair. •

I staggered alone into the glaring sun-

It was done!

As we dashed down the main street of Piketon at 10 a. m. that day, our sleigh bells screamed with a rollicking jollity that brought many a face to door and "You are prompt as welcome, my Mrs. Lindsay's wedding breakfast had dear children," he said, as he lifted Miss been of the very best, and the bridal Blythe from the sleigh and bent down

party, plucking appetite out of the inev-

itable, enjoyed it hugely. Even after

light on the church yard snow.

could tempt no longer, they had lingered to listen to the rector's genial flow

sober old horse as we dashed into his avenue at a slashing trot. "Hello!" he cried, arresting one foot half way over the beast. "Back so soon? And you, too, Anna? Why, we will have our Christmas dinner here, after proposed endowing a \$20,000,000

bounded from my side and threw her arms round the chief magistrate of Pike-

"Oh, papa, he's just the dearest fellow in the world! And he couldn't help it. | and go. 'Twas all my fault, wasn't it now?" She turned to me. "Not for the life of him!" I cried, slapding Tom on the back with wild hilarity. "He deserves the very best wife in the land, Mr. Blythe, and I'm sure he's

"Forgive you, puss! Why, of course

found her!" Here I kissed the bride's hand with a fervor that smacked again in the frosty air. "Wife! What do you mean?" cried

the mayor, descending rapidly from his

"Now, papa, don't be impatient"-"Impatient, the devil! You'll drive ne wild! Here"-this to me-"you seem to have your wits left. What does the girl mean?" "But you forgive us? You promised to forgive us, that's a darling old papa! and throwing her arms round the bewil-

dered mayor she led him into the snug little parlor. Then she shut the door carefully after we had filed guiltily in. "Now, you dear old paps, we all fan way-that is, Tom and I ran away"-"Ran away!" roared the mayor, very

"Yes, but it was my fault, wasn't it

Tom? And, oh! papa, I'm so glad we

red in the face.

did, and we married'-"Married!" The old gentleman's face was purple now. "Yes, papa, at Dr. Lindsay's church at 6 o'clock. Now, don't be angry, you dear, dear papa! And we married-that is. Tom married—Anna Belton!"

"Oh-oh!" whistled the mayor. "So

that's the secret, is it? So you ran away

ing the head that contained them against with the golden fleece, you little Jason in petticoats!" and the old gentleman laid his hand kindly upon the golden locks of the blushing Mrs. Tom. "Well, I will promise not to be angry." "But-my aunt?" Mrs. Tom blushed fast till after the ceremony, but you

> can I tell her?" "How she will rave! Why, I had quite forgotten her," cried Mr. Blythe, with a furious fit of laughter. "To sleep with one eye open for ten years and lose her treasure after all! Bad children, bad children! But I see I must be peacemaker, so I'll put off business todsy and drive over to 'Shadvnook' on that mis-

"And, papa, you must make our peace with Aunt Belton, and you must bring her back to eat her Christmas dinner in forgiveness. Tell her it is too late now, and she has nothing for it but forgiveness. And she can ride over, too, papa," added Miss Bertie saucily, "for we left ber horses and ran Diarrhes. Twenty fregents a bottle away with our own. ven if I have "She shall come, pt

to elope with her mysel. But you can't tell what a shock you gave me, my baby, by your mystery, for a know, you rogue, I never mean to gir you up!" Then, sir," I said quietly, "after what she has told me this morning, we

will have to come and live with you. For I never mean to give her up!" It was Bettie's turn to blush now, I couldn't but admire her pluck, though! down to the snowy ruffle against her The rector tucked his wife under his delicate throat; but she put her loval arm and led the way over the crisp path. hand in mine and murmured, very

CALL FOR A NATIONAL CONVENTION OF ALL INTERESTED IN THE THIRD PAR-

New Series-Vol. X. No. 22.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., December 15 .-The third party movement, which originated at the recent Farmers' Alliance Convention, took definite

in her hands in what I could only feel signatures of one or more men from seventeen States, was issued from In the aisle Tom stopped, turned a Topeka, Kansas, for a mational con-"WHEREAS, In unity there is strength, therefore it is desirable that there should be a union of all the variously named organizations that stand on common ground. To this end the individuals from various

States which are hereto signed make

the groom at midnight, had power to ple's party by its representatives; the Union Labor party, by its representatives; the late Federal and Confederate soldiers, by their representatives; the Farmers' Alliance, strength had all gone long ago; I was the Farmers' Mutual Benefit Association, the Citizens' Alhanee, the knees. I was dead beat. But for pure Knights of Labor, the Colored Farshame I should have rushed from the mers' Alliance, and all other induschurch and wallowed abjectly in the trial organizations that support the snow without. When we all dropped on principles of the St. Louis agreement our knees I could not strangle down the of December. 1889. Each State organization to send one delegate from each Congressional district and two from the State-at-large, and each district organization to send not less than three delegates, and each coun-Somehow I found myself again standing ty organizatoin not less than one delegate, to be chosen according to port, while the tall form of the rector the custom of each respective organseemed miles away, and his words came | zation, during the month of January, 1891; also that the editor of each newspaper is hereby invited as a delegate that has advocated the had but one consciousness, that I was principles of the St. Louis agreement and supported the candidates nominated thereon in 1890.

Those words never came only a soft, P. M., for the purpose of forming & ness in furtherance of the work already begun by these organizations, preparatory to a united struggle for country and home, in the great political conflict now pending that must decide who, in this country, is the sovereign—the citizen or the dollar." Chauncey Depew was relating in his Syracuse address his experi-

"The delegates to meet in the city

23d of February, 1891, at 2 o'cleck

milk had been set out for his edification with the remark that 'they both cost the same, when a tall farmer the clear coffee and feathery waffles far back in the crowd, who had been literally drinking in every word Mr. Depew said, velled out the unanswerable and literally stunning inquiry, Mayor Blythe was just mounting his | 'Say, Chauncey, which did you take!' A correspondent called aper D. Rockefeller, president of the S'andard Oil Company, and asked him regarding the report that he

ence on Farmer Evarts' domain in

Vermont, and how champagne and

"Oh, darling papa! You'll forgive us? is nothing in this,' he said, on read-Now promise you will!" and Bettie ing a dispatch bearing on the matter, 'nothing whatever; no, not a thing.' Nature is now smiling in her rambow drapery of vines and flowers. Economical nature, who turns her

university in New York City. There

things than one; and, if they can, they had better keep quiet about it. A young man who went on he racket one night found himself on the rack next morning.

o Dragons' writes like a sister to A Bore is a present nuisance,

out he may augur well. The New Discovery You have heard your friends and neighbors alking about it. You may yourself be one of the many who know from personal experience just how good a thing it is. If you have ever tried it, you are one of its statuch friends, because the wonderful thing about it is, that when once given a trial. Dr. King's New Discovery ever after holds a place in the house. If you have never used it and should be stilcted with a cough, cold or any throat, lung or chest trouvle, secure a bottle at once and give it a

any and all other preparations for the Throats and Lungs. In Woooping Cough and Croup it is magic and relieves at once. We offer you'r a sample bottle free. Remember, this Remedy is sold on a positive guarantee by J. F.-W. DO NOT SUFFER ANY LONGER. Knowing that a cough can be checked it-d

in a week, we hereby guarantee Dr. After's English Cough Remedy, and will geford the money to all who buy, take it as per directions, and do not find our statement correct. THAT TERRIBLE COURT In the morning, harried or difficult regions, raising phlegm, tightness in the quickened paise, chilliness in the

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of the blood from which the elements of reality are two.

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